

JOB WAS ANGRY

Social Economy Upset by Inconsiderate Bear.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer)

"If it hadn't been for that darn bear," says Job, "that black shot o' Simson's mowt, a' killed me in some time or other, consarn him!" says Job.

"It was a little inconsiderate in that bear, that's so," said the man from the Knob country. "Cause he the first place, bears had kep' shot o' that deatrick for more'n a five year and folks wasn't countin' on bears as bein' part and parcel o' things amongst 'em, but sort o' depended on Job to keep 'em on their taps. So I said then and I say now, that it was a little inconsiderate in that bear, and skeerfully fair to Job, for it to come mixin' in things the way it did."

"Simson come in one day, lookin' as if he was chief mourner to a funeral, and I says to him:

"Some o' your folks dead?" I says.

"No," he says. "That black shot o' mine turned up missin' this mornin'." he says.

"Well, I says, 'why don't you go up to Job's and get it?' I says.

"I been up to Job's," he says. "I jest come from Job's," he says.

"Why didn't you bring the shoot back with you then?" I says.

"Job didn't have it," says Simson.

"Job didn't have it?" I says, thinkin' that I hadn't heard Simson right. "Job didn't have it?" I says.

"No," says Simson. "He didn't have it. Leastways," says he, "Job don't think he's got it."

"That jest knocked me cross-croes. Here was a shoot missin', and Job didn't have it! Job lived somethin' like four miles back on the ridge, and bears havin' key shot o' that deatrick for five year and better, folks sort o' depended on Job to keep 'em on their taps."

"They didn't never come right out and say that Job'd walk off with things, but they sort o' hinted that things somehow had a way o' stickin' to him or followin' him. Whenever somebody's sheep or chickens or pigs was missin' from the premises, where they'd by rights naturly ought to belong, why the owner o' 'em jest went up to Job's and brung 'em back. So, when Simson says to me that he'd been to Job's to get his missin' shoot and Job didn't have it, I was jest shocked cross-croes and all I could say was:

"Simson, you don't mean to say it?"

"And Simson said he did."

"Leastways," says he, "Job don't think he's got it."

"And after I had got enough breath to take it worth while for me to begin, I says:

"Simson, I says, 'tell me why.'"

"Don't," says he, "it was this way. As soon as I missed my pig this mornin', I says he, 'I was put out tremendous, 'cause I was busy as bees and nated spend the time to look up and drive to Job's to bring the pig back. But we was needin' the pig I didn't see no way out o' goin' to Job's. So I hooked up and drove to his place on the ridge.'"

"Job was home, and I says to him that I had come after my black shoot, and that as it was a pecky contrary critter to drive, I says to Job that I'd have to ask him to help me home with it. Job he scratched his head a minute, and looked as if he was tryin' like all-possessed to think o' somethin'. Then by and by he says to me that he didn't think he had my black shoot."

"I says to him that he must have the shoot, and he says to me that he like to know what make me think so, and I says to him that he must have it, 'cause it wasn't to home."

"Why, is that so?" says Job, and he think some more, puckerin' his forehead all sorts, and scratchin' his head, and lookin' up to the sky as if he was tryin' to get things straight. Then he shook his head and says to me that he'd go an' look."

"So we went over to Job's pig-pen, but the shoot wasn't there. We looked high and low all over the premises, but not a sign of a black shoot was anywhere to be seen."

"Then I had an idea, and I says to Job, 'tryin' to jog his memory, that maybe he had run the shoot over the ridge, down into the Pocomo country, and sold him there. Job scratched his head and looked more gummufuddled than ever, and by and by he says to me that he mowt 'a' done it, but it didn't seem to him, he says, as if he'd had time to do it and get back home; and he hollers to his wife and asked her if a black shoot had followed him home last night and so on over the ridge to Pocomo."

"Job's wife she stuck her head out o' the door and think a while, and then she hollers back that there wasn't no shoot followed him home last night, neither black or white, and that there hadn't nothin' followed him home since Mowt's two sheep had tagged him in, and that was day afore yesterday, she says."

"That's jest what I was thinkin'," says Job. "No, Simson," he says, "I don't think your black shoot followed me in last night. He mowt 'a', but I don't think so."

"And that's as far as I got track o' my missin' pig," says Simson. "Where do you guess he kin be?" says Job.

"The idee that anything could turn up missin' in that deatrick and not be at Job's, where Mowt's sent for was more than I could handle, and I told Simson that his shoot must 'a' been swallered up by an earthquake or took wings and flew—'cause I never for a minute think that an inconsiderate bear had come alone to unsertle things."

"I guess we'll never a got on to the mystery of it it along to'ard noon Capt. Joe, from theuddy, hadn't come ridin' in to look over a lumber job he had took, and he says:

"Has anybody 'round here lost a black shoot?"

"Twain't a minute 'fore he knowed all about that missin' shoot o' Simson's, and Simson hollers:

"And Job hasn't got him, neither."

"Good reason for why," says Capt. Joe. "A bear took that shoot for I came square out on him not long ago catin' of it over yonder in the edge o' the woods. He had it half eat up, but he went scootin' away and left the rest when he sees me," says Capt. Joe.

"We started to run that bear down, but he got away and never came back for the rest o' Simson's black shoot. When Job came down here so afore, we caught and heard about it, he was madder than snakes a scotchin'."

"It hadn't been fer that dod darn bear," he says, "that black shoot mowt 'a' followed me in some time or other, consarn him!" says Job.

"And I didn't blame Job much for bein' mad and disappinted, neither, for if there's anything I don't like it's inconsiderate, partic'ly in bears."

Two Perfect Gentlemen.

(Lippincott's Magazine)

They were of foreign birth and newly acquired riches. They entered the restaurant with much pomp and mutual deference. When Jacob, who had been his friend Isaac, was too polite to ask for anything else.

The waiter brought in the double order. And one fish upon the plate was large, while the other, by contrast, was pitifully small. It was an emergency forewarned by neither Jacob nor his friend. But the courtesy of both would have equaled any crisis.

Jacob flung himself back in his chair with a generous indifference.

"Jacob, hellup, you're der honorableness shall haf."

"Isaac, I insist upon it," said Jacob, with a deep sigh of content Jacob helped himself to the larger fish.

An awful silence followed until the third forkful found capacious impulsion behind the shrubbery of Jacob's beard.

"Do you," inquired Isaac, with bitterness, "did los bollteness imachine, der biggest tooth to take?"

"Didn't you," with elaborate civility, "me to helpup meinselss rekessert?"

"But to der biggest tooth."

"Well, if you yourselfs hat first helpup, yich would you took?"

"Me!" with union of proud virtue, "I would haf took der hiddest tooth."

"Well, you got it, m'n't it?"

The National Sport of Scandinavia.

The fascinating and exhilarating winter sport with ski is enthusiastically described in the March Pearson's by Mr. Somerville. He says: "The ski is an essential factor in the lives of the peoples of northern Europe—a necessary medium of travel where the country lies deep-buried in snow, so that walking is impossible. In parts of Russia and other flat countries the ski is used as a matter of course, not as a recreation or pastime. In Lapland the hardy little natives make their great tracks across country with their reindeer herds on ski, dragging their children and other incumbrances behind them in their boat-like sledges. We like a good run across country over hills and bays, and streams—but what is this compared to cross-country running on ski, in Norway or Sweden, over the long, frozen fens or the great lakes, across the hills, through the vast, silent pine-woods? What sensation can compare to the driving leaping ski down the hillside—the spring into mid-air, the sheer drop of seventy, eighty, or 200 feet on to the precipitous slopes below?"

PROF. LOEB'S THEORY IS NOT NEW.

His Discovery That "Electricity is the Basis of Life" Is Not New. Dr. McLaughlin Claims It. In Books Written Three Years Ago He Offers Proof of the Influence of Electricity Upon Human Vitality. Old Age Can Be Defied. By Dr. McLaughlin's Method Electricity May Be Used to Renew Youth and Protect the Body From Disease. Note the Comparison Between Prof. Loeb's New Theories and Dr. McLaughlin's Old Ones.

Prof. Loeb recently announced that he had discovered that electricity was the basis of life.

He said that the motion of the heart was due, not to the heat, but to the electricity in the body.

"A part of the chemical energy of food stuffs is transformed into electrical energy, which in turn gives energy to the muscles and organs of the body."

The announcement that electricity and not heat is the life is the climax of Prof. Loeb's experiments, which have extended over ten years.

These results, he says, are going to upset most of the teachings of the text-books of physiology—that is, they are going to expose the fallacy of medicine as it is administered by the regular physician of the day.

dent of this subject for twenty years, and has made his observations from cases under personal treatment.

In his book, written three years ago (in his introductory remarks), he says: "I anticipate still greater results from my efforts to demonstrate the truth of my life-long claim that electricity is the basis of all animal vitality, and without it we could not live."

In another part of his book Dr. McLaughlin gives a more comprehensive solution of the heat problem than that advanced by Prof. Loeb. Dr. McLaughlin says:



"The food that we eat is treated as fuel by the stomach, just as is the coal in a furnace. The chemical action which is produced upon the food by the acids and juices of the stomach burns the food and causes a carbonic heat. This heat is electricity, and it is forced into the nerves and vital organs and is their life."

Further Dr. McLaughlin says: "The electrical heat generated by the consumption of our food should keep healthy every vital organ of the body. Debility of the vital organs arises when the waste is greater than the repair—when the stomach is not able to generate sufficient electrical heat to supply the demands of nature."

"This excessive waste is due to overtaxation of the vital forces by hard work mentally, grief or worry, extra physical exertion, severe fevers, such as typhoid or malaria, which drain away the vitality and leave the system debilitated."

Now here is where Dr. McLaughlin passes beyond the period covered by Professor Loeb and shows how this vital electricity, which is the basis of life, may be replaced in the body when lost by the causes producing debility.

He says: "When the stomach is not able to generate sufficient of this energy to supply the demands of the vital organs the natural result is a lowering of nerve, organic and muscular power—a general debility. The artificial agent must be used to assist the stomach. That agent is the Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt."

"My treatment is a success in any case where strength is lacking, whether in the nerves, stomach, heart, kidneys, liver or any other part. My appliance gives a soothing, constant electric glow, which is taken by the body just as a sponge takes up water. It cures rheumatism in any guise, as well as every other form of pain."

"I am an enthusiast, you say! Why should I not be? I have the gratitude of thousands of people who have been cured by my Electric Belts after the failure of the best physicians. I am enthusiastic because I know that I offer suffering humanity the surest cure for the least expenditure of money that is known today."

The human body charged with this electrical force is proof against the debility usually foreshadowing the decay of old age. There can be no decay where there is sufficient force to keep the heart and vital organs active, and under Dr. McLaughlin's treatment men of 75 and 85 years have found a new lease of life.

An old man who had been wearing a Dr. McLaughlin belt every night for two months, wrote: "While my age is 70 years, I have become as youthful as a man of 35, and am able to do as much work. I am really an old man made young."

Decay in old men is similar to general debility in younger men. Years have nothing to do with it. In each case it is the failure of the stomach to generate sufficient energy to supply the demands made by the vital organs.

How quickly we fall when the stomach fails to digest the food! That shuts off the supply of energy.

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Dr. McLaughlin has not only proven that electricity is the substance of life and organic vitality, but has gone so far as to perfect the best known means of replenishing that force in the body when it is lost. His electric belt is the natural result of scientific study, coupled with experience and mechanical skill.

The current supplied by this appliance enters the body in a glowing stream of vitalizing heat, so gentle that the nerves and vital organs absorb it as freely as a hungry babe drinks milk. This force is added to the natural power generated by the stomach; it saturates every vital part and soon transforms the debilitated body into a natural storage battery, which generates its own health and closes the doors forever to disease and debility.

Dr. McLaughlin's book is published for free distribution to those interested in the development of vigorous health in men and women. It is profusely illustrated and describes his method of treatment and appliances. Sent sealed free on request. Send for it today, inclosing this ad.

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This is why the wealth of the world is concentrated in the hands of the few. Except in cases of inherited wealth, the wealthy men, the successful men, are healthy men—men with strong body, strong nerves, strong will, strong mind. They are the men who have carefully observed the laws of nature and guarded their strength and health.

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Are you a weakling? Have you indulged in indiscretions, excesses and dissipation which have caused a weakness of mind and body, loss of memory or a feeling of incapacity? Have you lost energy and vigor as a result of overwork or worry? Are you nervous and tired out, glad when work is over to be alone to rest? Are you naturally weak, an inheritance from weakly ancestors?

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